

## ORPHEUS AT THE WINDOW

So. I'm on my own,  
squinting at the snow,  
the tissue which has grown  
on grass; and shadows cower  
those footprints drawn on  
the lengthening lawn.

Dry frost, delicate as  
the eyelid of a pigeon,  
blinks slowly on the glass;  
the light of my dominion  
cringes, nearly blind,  
deep in the mind.

'The world is small, but long.  
There flares a soft commotion,  
Wings! I glimpse her going.  
My strings are still in motion.'  
Now is the poised, the calm  
dissembling time.

A yellow sleep, a loose  
dust muffles the house,  
accruing on the hiss  
and *cling* of pipes. A mouse  
has flicked its naked tail  
down a hole.

Executors are numbering  
things my wife can't touch —  
from where I've lately sprung  
small shades are peering up,  
appraising my warm bones,  
and throwing stones.

*James Scully*